

The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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WHOLE NO. 137.

Poetry.

"OLD ELSPY."

In my poor hut by Burton-Lea
I live alone the whole year round;
I've not one friend above the ground
To speak a kindly word to me.

Some call me witch—aye, not a few—
And others say that I am mad;
The truth is, I am only sad,
And old, and poor—give me my due.

I toil and mull in sun and rain,
To earn my crust of bitter bread,
That none may say when I am dead,
He gave an alms to Elspeth Kane.

E. A. M.

TO LUCASTA ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

COL. LOVEFACE.

THE DEATH BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

But when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

FIRST AND LAST.

They sat together, hand in hand,
The sunset flickered low;
The fickle sea crept up the strand,
And caught the after-glow.

He sang a song, a little song
No other poet knew,
And she looked up and thought him strong,
Looked down and dreamed him true.

The fickle sea crept up the strand,
And laughed a wanton laugh—
Took up the song the poet planned,
And sang the other half.

Times change; the two went diverse ways;
The evening shades increase
On him, grown old in fame and praise,
And her in household peace.

The echo of the false sweet words,
He spoke so long ago,
Has passed as pass the summer birds
Before the winter snow.

But as to-night the angel's hand
Loosens the silver chord,
And calls her to that other land
Of love's supreme reward—

She hears but one sound, silent long,
A whisper soft and low—
The echo of the false sweet song
He sang so long ago.

GYP.

I lie on the shingle, waiting;
The waves break at my feet;
The sun is a fiery furnace,
But the wind blows cold and sweet.
Why tarries my little gypsy?
She promised here to meet.

It is time! it is time! she lingers
By the cliff, where none can see,
Among the great chalk boulders,
She is coming to talk to me,
In her voice, which is deeper, sweeter,
Than the cool wind or the sea.

She knows where we cut the letters
Which marry her name to mine;
I lie here, flinging the pebbles
In the water, for a sign.
Come, little gypsy dark eyes,
I long to see you shine.

She is gay as a mocking-bird,
She is sad as a lonely dove;
She whispers low, "I hate you;"
She laughs with tears, "I love."
Our bond shall hold for a sennight,
We have sworn by the stars above.

I see her, I see her winding
Down the white chalk cliff! I know
The old Scotch cap, short petticoat,
And step like a mountain roe.
Bare little brown legs, bare little brown feet,
Ay, we'll be gay, I trow.

Miscellany.

THE NEW ENGLAND GIRLS.

The reading public all know Hilda in the Marble Farm of Hawthorn, and his young maiden in the House of the Seven Gables. They watched, month by month, Holmes' Schoolmistress, in his Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and Helen Darley, in the story of Elsie Venner. They love Mary Scudder in the Minister's Wooing, and the Pearl of Orrs Island. Even Cecilia, in Longfellow's Kavanagh, is a slight pencil sketch of the national type. We think any cultured American will accept these as fair models of his countrywomen. They have not the tall elegance, the lithe grace and vivid contrasts of color that characterise our Southern women, nor their ardent feelings and passionate fervor of expression. Neither have they the deep-chested, nobly-throated, large-limbed forms of our Middle States women, where German blood has given more adipose to the body, and more calm to the spirit; but they have their own peculiar and indestructible charm. If it has

something of the severity of the gem, it has also its durability. Or in flowers, they are like our exquisite arbutus and azelias and laurel. Hardy in nature, they bloom in profusion, with sweet and spicy savor of wood and mountain, and mass themselves in rosy color on stony hillside. One gives its flowers almost before the snows are gone. Its blossoms past, another matures a wild succulent fruit, not delicious with tropical flavor, but dear to all children who haunt the edges of the swamps for May-apples. The third furnishes the strong, thick, perennial leaves of the evergreen box—the poet's wreath, and the warrior's crown. These rugged plants are not rich and endlessly varied as the rose, nor stately and elegant as the white lily, but they bear winter better, and grow and blossom in barren soil, and under chilly skies. We have often thought if New England could add a softer climate and a more generous maximum of esthetic surroundings to her high duteous moralities and keen clarity of intellectual culture, her men and women would be kings and queens of the world.

We all know these lovely beings of fact and fancy—the creations, the petted children of our best authors—and rejoice in the type, and its verisimilitude to our girls. They move in an atmosphere of duty, which comes to them, hardly by a severe struggle of will, but with the grace and spontaneity of instinct. Their lives are so trained and rounded that their balance is perfect in all places. Neither the pioneer's log-cabin nor the foreign court moves them from their propriety. Life is no thin ideal of dreams, nor coarse reality of drudgery, but good sense and rightmindedness rule. They have a self-reliance which gives them the unconsciousness of childhood, and feeling "life in every limb" makes them secure and strong. These lovely souls could not but be clothed in fair bodies, as with a garment, and in these pictures the delicacy and vitality, and yet self-sustaining power of the American girl is happily rendered. We rejoice in them as beautiful all over, and we recognise them as natural to the core.

Under what circumstances have these girls grown up? How have they been reared and trained to such attractive excellence, that we are glad to see and honor them, whether on the printed page or in real life?

Here, as in England, the ranks of the intellectual aristocracy are constantly recruited from the middle classes, and as there the poor curate's son, or the rich manufacturer's, becomes the scholar, the learned professor adorns the bench or the bishop's chair; so the middle classes here, removed from the extremes of wealth and poverty, are perennial fountains of health, talent and soundness for our society.

Take the minister's or squire's daughter of our country villages. Among them we know Hilda, and Mary, and Rose, and the rest. Let

us see how these fair girls have been trained. How came they to their equal poise and right-minded culture? There is no great wealth in the family, though entire comfort, and even luxury, in the surroundings. There are but few servants, and the daughter must produce as well as enjoy the family comfort. From early life she shares the domestic duties of the household, and there learns lessons of generosity, self-denial, responsibility and oneness with her kind. She early feels that the common lot is hers, and also—one of the most important things—that there is no sort of necessary connexion between liking to do a thing and doing it. This is the discipline of life.

These habits of positive labor from childhood promote health and bodily growth. The varied necessary work in which she feels an interest fills her time and thoughts with wholesome activity, while her strength, never strained, but exercised and developed, is of the muscles rather than the nerves.

She goes to school, and studies hard in school hours, but home duties busy her outside time, and refreshed by the change, she springs to her books with keen satisfaction. Her brain is occupied, not merely with abstract thought, but with what the hand must perform, and the practical nature of her life out of school toughens and supplies her thinking powers as well as her physique. Labor is solidifying alike to body and soul. It develops judgment, patience, diligence and the harder virtues; it makes people, not sensitive, but sensible; that is, present-minded, quick-witted, and yet reflective.

She hears the great questions of the day discussed at the fireside. Politics and morals are the common talk of New England. She listens to these grave matters, reads and thinks about them. Once a year, she perhaps goes to the city, hears music, sees pictures, prepared in all her faculties to absorb beauty or judge truth, or compare criticism. Often she is a natural botanist. The haunts of rare and choice wild flowers are known to her, the notes of all the birds are familiar and recognised, and her garden at home is a mass of blooms. There is no waste of the time in formal society, no needless dress, no wear of the animal spirits. Thus trained by nature, by duty, by severe morality, she steps into life, like Minerva, fully armed, with her whole organism perfect and vivid. If larger and broader life await her, the soil is ready. If narrower limits constrain her powers, she is rich in feeling, in thought, and in expedients to adorn life.

Now what will Hilda be to Kenyon, and the schoolma'am to the autocrat, and Mary Scudder to James Marvin, and the rest of these fair heroines as wives and mothers? We will try to foretell from their characters and their training.

In the village school she has grown up with the lads of her age, and measured herself with them. She has recited at their side; with level, steady eye has read her composition, or performed her declamation in their presence. She feels no instinct of coquetry, no kindling of vanity, nor shy missiveness toward boys that she has met on this equal ground of scholarship and intellectual application. Love comes as a recognition of character, as a supreme gift of beneficence, in giving and receiving. Its romance is serious, and marriage is a sacrament and seal of love. Such a woman could not but

choose nobly, and her self-helpfulness would keep her perfectly satisfied with a single lot, if the right owner and master of her life never crossed her path. She must be a queen to her husband, and he would be king of her soul. She could not crown a sot, a knave, or a fool. Her household and her home are dear to her, not merely from the feminine love of a special domestic sphere, which is inherent in almost every woman, but also because it was her duty and delight to make it home for him. Early training for domestic life, like piano-playing, dancing or any other accomplishment learned in youth, makes it come easily and well. Her children, her servants, will all feel the bright, supporting, restraining intelligence of such a woman. Her firm, healthful, yet slight frame, will not lose that muscle and fibre as youth decays. Life will not merely at best be an amusement, a collection of pretty fancies, of amiable impulses, but a serious, sweet responsibility, to be met with principle, with gentle dignity and self-reliance. Her path in any condition of life would be one of light, and grace, and tenderness, and the foundation of it all lies in three things, health of body and mind, and so natural feelings and natural functions, conscience and intellect; and the culture of these is what all women should strive for. Give the gauds of the world good-bye! Fashion, pride, vanity and slothfulness, come down from your pedestals! We worship you no longer.

WOMAN, WORK, AND WAGES.

BY REV. H. L. ZIEGENFUS.

In all history this century will stand forth as the era of Revolution and Reform. The air is thick with the flying splinters of exploded dogmas, political, scientific, and religious. Men are beginning to think, and that means something sublime and awful. Men think! Thrones are rocking, pagodas are toppling, fetters are snapping, age-venerated imposture is unmasked, the strong arm of Power is palsied, and time and space are annihilated. America has caught this glorious infection. Her thought is going down to the bottom of all institutions, that it may see whether the foundations be well and justly laid; and woe unto the edifice that rests upon prejudice and bigotry.

The sword has forever decided the question of color; the pen, the platform, and the pulpit are now called on to settle the question of sex. Patience! The problem solves itself. Now the dawn; soon the sun-burst!

But before legislation be made in reference to woman's right to the ballot, we sadly need legislation in reference to woman's right to work and wages. And we shall have it, by and by, when our noble senators have attended to all the wants of wealthy corporations and plethoric monopolies, and shall have a little time to spare for the public weal; or when a new race of men have taken their seats, and a "new race" meaning an *honest* race, amongst whom, in case of any bill, it would be infamy and expulsion to ask, is there anything in it? How much?

Woman has the divine right of entering upon any occupation for which her Maker has adapted her. She is entitled to do anything that she can do with ability. If Rosa Bonheur's magic pencil can transfer life upon the

canvass, let her paint. If Harriet Hosmer can call forth forms of beauty from the quarried marble, let none molest her. If Miss Mitchell's soul is at home in the stellar world, let her keep watch with the stars and banish her not to the dawdling platitudes of the drawing-room. If Lydia of Thyatira, has business tact, let us wish her success as "a seller of purple;" and if Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Van Cott have the gift of heaven to lead and thrill religious assemblies, let no reverend selfishness debar them from their place. Let all the avenues of usefulness be opened without restriction.

And now, if woman can, in the same time, perform the same labor, and as well as man, what kind of justice is that which keeps back from one-third to one-half the wages justly due to her? In the Treasury Department at Washington, where a man receives \$1800 a year, a woman, for doing similar labor, receives a stipend of \$900. In the second city of this Union the principal of one high-school receives a salary of \$1650; the principal of another school, equally large, not being a man, is, of course, entitled to but \$825. And so it goes on down through all kinds and grades of employment. Do you call that justice? I call it imposition, robbery, serfdom!

Free choice of occupation and parity of remuneration—these are woman's rights. To deprive her of them is not just, not manly. Let man assert his dignity without becoming a tyrant, and let woman discharge her whole duty without striving to be a man.

"In the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thence that throw the world;
She, mental breadth, nor fall in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

Then reign the world's great brides, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!"

HOME-MAKING.

BY FANNY M. BARTON.

To those who know what a real home is, how wonderfully suggestive of all sweet and tender things is the word. Home is a place where the soul takes root. At home it finds the nutrition it needs, and in this divinely-prepared soil it grows, becomes vigorous, self-centred, blossoms in goodness and grace. A house filled with furniture, and utensils for domestic labor, is not necessarily a home. The place where a man and woman eat and sleep, in which they have agreed to live together, and rear their children, may not be, in the true sense, a home. No one ever wanted to leave home long, but many long to lose sight of the low, narrow, spiritual prison in which their better part is cramped and distorted, and which is called their home. Many children, as they grow towards manhood and womanhood, find mind and soul fettered, and see no chance for healthy development, until they escape from the subtle tyranny of home. Home, where the inmates, large and small, are rasped, and fretted, and narrowed! Strange misnomer! Home is the place of all growth, and all rest. It is the type of heaven. It is law and freedom, as blended in a harmony

never seen elsewhere. It is the place where love is never ashamed; where true thoughts, and aspirations, and yearnings, may find a summer atmosphere, and be encouraged to climb toward the final home.

Judged by this ideal home, how poor are many of our so-called homes! How children's souls are dwarfed in them! How poor and sickly are the flowers we cultivate there! The powerful, diffusive heat from the sun of love is wanting. The dew of sympathy is wanting, and the cool shadow of tender, silent appreciation.

You to whom is given by God, and by your own choice, the business of home-making, see that you try energetically to learn the science of home-making. Love and freedom seek first, and all other things shall be added unto you. By freedom I mean the liberty of individual development. Love and freedom being secured, let beauty, taste, joy, leisure, have their place. Let the home be beautiful after some type of beauty in your own soul. Not costly, not rich, but pleasant, full of grace, full of suggestions of higher, more perfect beauty. Do not look at your children as so many toys to amuse you, or troubles to fret about, as they are now winsome, and now troublesome, but as individual souls committed to you for a little. You are not to force their growth; you are not to repress their growth; you are simply to let them grow, and you are to keep evil and danger from them; you are to keep light and love-warmth near them.

Home-makers must look largely on this world, and hopefully on the next. They must have great, serene souls, that shed radiance and invite rest. They must be tolerant, not of wrong, but of the weakness that leads to wrong; they must know how to sustain, to strengthen, to prop, till strength takes the place of weakness. One remembers, now and then, a true home. Father and mother the central figures. He is not the oak, and she the ivy; they are strong and symmetrical souls that love grows together; they are incarnated strength, and patience, and sweetness, and bravery, sphered and intersphered. When the mother is weak, she finds strength in the father; when the manly heart fails, the womanly heart grows strong for its support. The children lean on the experience and deep insight of father and mother; they, in their turn, feed their waning strength at the overflowing fountain of young life. In this home the souls of the inmates live and grow, and so the homes are beautiful. As the leaf and blossom come from the hidden sap in the tree, so beauty comes from hidden life in the soul. Where there is growth, there is expression; if harmonious growth, harmonious expression.

See to it, home-makers, that you are living, and that all under your power have the chance to unfold, naturally and freely, the germ of their life.

Every woman should be a worker. Her sphere, like man's, is bounded only in God giving talents. She has the right to do anything she can do well. Her noblest work will ever be at the fireside. Home is the holiest temple in which she is ever called to minister. "Blessed art thou among women," was said of a mother. In the ministries of home; in the endearing and tender relations of friend, wife, mother, is where God crowns women with the brightest, richest diamond.

ENGLISH NOVELS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY G. F. BELL.

"LITTLE FLAGGS." By Anne Isabella Robertson.

This novel first appeared in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and created a great deal of sensation as it came out from month to month. Readers of the magazine at home and in foreign countries wondered who could be the author of the clever tale. Conjectures were numerous. Sharp critics knew at once that a new and vigorous hand was wielding the pen, and favorable reviews of the story appeared in many papers. Among its admirers was Charles Lever, the brilliant author, who has contributed so many of his own best works to the *University Magazine*, and who was among those who felt a keen interest to discover the name of the writer of "Little Flaggs." Until its republication in a separate form, however, no one was aware that the author of "Myself and My Relatives" had written "Little Flaggs." *The Morning Post* declared that, although "Myself and My Relatives" was a clever book, "Little Flaggs" surpassed it in many ways; and the *London Review* and other influential London papers gave it high praise. The tale commences with an account of a pauper asylum at the town of Tilby, in England, where a young foundling is discovered one night on the bare flags of the almshouse hall, and is thus given the name of "Little Flaggs." A mystery attaches to this child, and the plot of the story is admirably worked out. A haughty county family, named Lipwell, reside in the neighborhood of Tilby. Benjamin Lipwell, the handsome, athletic scapegrace, son and heir of this family, secretly marries the governess of his young step-sisters, and abandons her, leaving her to the mercy of his family, who believe she has fallen a victim to his seductions, and expel her from the manor. The story of the poor girl is told powerfully, and with all that photographic distinctness for which Miss Robertson's writings are so remarkable. David Wynne, the master of the Tilby Almshouse, is employed by old Mr. Lipwell to convey the poor discarded governess from Larchgrove Manor, and neither the reader nor anyone else is aware that she is the lawful wife of the heir to the Larchgrove estate. She has promised not to reveal the secret, and, of course, she suffers intense misery and humiliation. David Wynne conveys her as far as a wayside inn, many miles from Tilby, where the coach they travel by halts to change horses, and during the stoppage here, the governess, who has got a hundred pounds from old Mr. Lipwell, disappears mysteriously. David Wynne writes to his employer that she has escaped from him, and a search is made for her in vain. Mr. Lipwell is perplexed and horrified, fearing dreadful things; but the affair is hushed up, and the fate of the governess remains a mystery till the end of the book. A terrible fate it is, told with a vividness and force of description that makes the readers' blood grow chill. The characters in "Little Flaggs" are drawn with that truth and clearness which distinguish all the creations of the author's genius. David Wynne and his wife; the meek young governess, Sarah Price; the old

almshouse inmate, Suky Sparrow; the gay, fashionable, cold-hearted Mrs. Lipwell; George Raynor, the poetical young curate of Larchgrove, who falls in love unconsciously with the pretty, gentle heiress of the manor; the stupid Lord Dulhendle, who wants to marry the heiress for her money; the dishonest Drover who keeps the lonely inn of the Halting Place, and the arch-villain, Stephen Cumber, are all perfect specimens of character-painting. The journey of Sarah Price, the governess banished from Larchgrove, under the escort of David Wynne, is worthy of an extract.

"One dull winter day Wynne and the girl set off for Liverpool. A thick, misty rain was falling insidiously, wetting the outside passengers of stage coaches and pedestrian travelers, and making the whole outer world seem dreary in the extreme. Miss Price had her seat within the coach that conveyed her from the Larchgrove neighborhood; and all the time the wheels went round and round she was mulling some plans that had filled her mind ever since she knew that Mr. Lipwell was to give her a hundred pounds on her departure from the manor. * * * In many ways this unfortunate young woman was very shrewd, while in others, she was most simple—owing to her education and early training. The country through which she was passing was barren and dreary at all times, but now in the wintry rain seeming more dreary than ever. David Wynne, in his white-brown great coat, buttoned to the chin, and with a thick red muffler round his neck, sat on the outside of the coach, telling wonderful stories, and hearing some equally marvelous in return; he joked and laughed, and was right merry, never bestowing a grave thought upon the business he had so lately been called upon to carry out, and concerning which he was now driving on that dismal day towards Liverpool. David was not a monster in human form; he was only like a great many men of his class. He had duties now and then which might have made him appear hard-hearted. Was he not a skillful butcher, and did he not slaughter pigs and sheep with his own hands when it was necessary to do so in his *menage* at the almshouse? Yet he found no pleasure in merely injuring anyone or anything unless he had substantial reasons for so doing. Thus, when called upon to execute an unpleasant duty by his patron, Mr. Lipwell, it does not follow that he must be a demon—because he undertook to fulfill it to the best of his ability. He got his orders, and he obeyed them. In his capacity of head-butler in the Lipwell family, David had seen a good deal of life; he had been in London and at Paris, with the family, and, like Suky Sparrow, he could have told you such strange and thrilling stories of actual occurrences as would make you shudder. * * * He did not think the quiet young woman inside the coach was likely to give him any great trouble; so he was able to chat and smoke, and get down at every hostelry to drink a dram with the coachman. At length they arrived at the village of Coyle, a straggling hamlet lying in a deep valley, overhung by wild hills. "Would you like to get out here, Miss, and have something to eat?" inquired David, making his appearance at the coach window. "What place is this?" asked Miss Price, looking out, her teeth chattering, her face very pale, her whole frame trembling. "It's Coyle, Miss, forty-five miles from Tilby; we have gone at a smart pace." The poor girl gets out of the coach and enters the inn, where she becomes an object of curiosity to the host and hostess, who find out all about her from David Wynne, whom they know. Mrs. Drover, the innkeeper's wife, is a sharp woman, and she sees that the courage of the young stranger is giving way deplorably. "Mrs. Drover was a very shrewd person; she could buy and sell scores of ordinary men and women, as the phrase goes. She knew exactly the state of the girl's mind—how much she could bear, and how little. She understood precisely the weakness she had never once felt in her own life-time. People are apt to term this acuteness, when it develops itself in women, 'instinct'; but we beg leave to call it by its proper name, great penetration of character; an extraordinary aptitude for understanding human nature. It is a wondrous gift among high and low; it helps to make our great writers, both of prose and poetry; our painters; our first-class lawyers. That large strong-boned woman with her light-grey eyes, somewhat dull of aspect, read much that was passing in the heart of the poor fragile creature trembling before her—much, but of course, not all."

We also think that the departure of "Little Flags" from the alms-house, with the impostor, Richard Drover, is a fine piece of writing:

"Farewell to the large yard and its steaming, sooty boiler; its high walls, and the many-barred windows of the asylum, with the distant view of the dwelling house! Get your bundle, little orphan, and say good-bye, for the market cart that you are to travel on has already stopped outside the gate, and Richard Drover is making way for you among great piles of groceries and meat. The sun was flashing its last beams on the windows and chimneys of the alms-house, and the air was very still, save for the murmur of insects dancing hither and thither, when the child emerged from the large gate of the yard. . . . The partings had all been gone through; the large, dark gate was closed upon her, and she stood outside, with the farewell words of the idiot, Sally Bird, yet ringing in her ears; "Good-bye, little one! good-bye, little one!" Tears were in her eyes, as her grandfather lifted her into the cart. They drove in silence through the town and past the quay, where sailors were hurrying to and fro, and coal vessels sending forth their black store, and then they came out upon country roads, where birds were singing in trim hedge-rows, among honeysuckle and wild roses. There was a sort of ecstasy in the little girl's mind as these rural sights and sounds fell upon eye and ear. The waft of the perfumed breeze, the tinkle of a sheep-bell, the twitter of a black-bird or a thrush, had all their unspeakable charm. She felt as if entering upon an unknown world, with all past ties rent asunder. Her mind was wrought up to such a pitch that she experienced the wildest sensations."

Suky Sparrow's description of her married life is also worth quoting. To the question of "Why don't you marry?" put to her by the cook at the alms-house, the old woman thus replies: "'Cause I thought it might be well for me to have a home and some one to work for me, as they say every woman should have, and so I gave up a good place, and married a man that was courting me for two years. I thought him everything that was good, but we weren't above a twelve-month married when I found out my mistake. Instead of being better for being married, I was only twice as bad as before—far more of a slave, and living on scanty fare, and obliged to ask my husband for every penny I wanted, and to account for every penny I spent. He drank the most of his earnings, and then the children came to add more sorrow to my heart, when I saw them all day long running in the gutters, half-starved and half-naked! Talk of marriage, indeed, to a woman! It's all a lie to say it's anything but torment and grief! My only female child died, and may be it was well, for men can be near as wicked as they please without people blaming them much, though the women must be so discreet and proper, that if they turn an eye in their heads, everybody's down on them; and yet, for all their goodness, they're thought less of than the men, and lead lives little better than low brute beasts—cuffed and scorned, and thought worthless, specially when they grow old. Oh, Mrs. Blackley! if I could go preaching over the world to all the women in it, I'd say, 'Keep single! Discard the men entirely! Don't go to put yourselves in the power of anybody that'll think themselves entitled to govern you like them slave-keepers abroad!'"

But the terrible confession of Stephen Cumber is the most thrilling portion of the novel. His treatment of his unfortunate wife is, unhappily, not uncommon in England among the class that he belonged to. He thus records some of his deeds:

"I still hoped that my wife might get her fortune from her father, but when I found that he would not answer her letters, I grew discontented, and began to hate her. I think I would not have been so bitter against her, only I heard no man ought to let his wife get the upper hand of him. She was better educated than I was, and had a clear head for learning, and I felt jealous of this. I wanted to keep her down in a state of submission to me, for the law and the marriage ceremony taught me that she was to be my servant, subject to my will, in all respects, and I was determined to assert the authority given me, for what was the sense of my having it, if I made no use of it? The laws oppressing women were the only laws I had any respect for, and I now think they helped to bring me to my ruin. Seeing my mother so ill-used by my father, who often told her she should not dare to think herself his equal, I had such a contempt for her and the whole female sex as a boy, that I took de-

light in going the opposite way to what she pointed out, determined that no one should say I was ever tied to my old mother's apron-string! These sentiments were my destruction, and no doubt help many a man to his ruin of body and soul. I acknowledge now, when it is too late, that people would be happier if men and women were equal in their rights as regards the law; for, to my mind, as to sense and cleverness, a woman has as much chance of possessing such qualities as a man. I remember that the few families where I saw peace and comfort, where, the husband treated the wife as his equal; and why shouldn't the law encourage such a state of things, instead of actually tempting the man to be tyrannical by giving him all the power, and making everything of the husband and nothing of the wife. I liked to thwart my wife, to show my power over her, and felt pleasure in reflecting that no matter how abject or degraded I might be, I was still superior to her, and had a right to rule over her. I used to beat her sometimes, so that she could hardly walk, and at last she grew quite dull and lifeless, with a dogged, slavish look that disgusted me. I sometimes thought of killing her when she made me furious by her patience and silence. The more quietly she bore my treatment of her, the more I hated and despised her."

Is it not terrible to reflect that this is not an exaggeration of the mean, cowardly feelings frequently inspired by the laws and customs of countries calling themselves civilized? In the diary of the unhappy lodger of the Cumber's, the following passage occurs:

"My poor hostess had a great quarrel with her husband last night. They were on the stairs, and I could hear them disputing from my room. The wife appeared excited to a pitch of frenzy. I heard her saying that she would leave him and bring her child with her, even if it were to beg through the world. He declared that she durst not attempt such a thing. The child was his; the law gave it to him entirely, and she was his property also! How strange it seems that the law thus protects the strong, rather than the weak; and how equally strange that the most brutal, ignorant man is aware of the power the law gives him over his wife and children, the children that she has, in agony, borne at the peril of her own life! It seems to me that man and woman have not equal rights at all in this world. This idea has possessed me of late, but I am only a poor, simple creature. Wiser heads than mine have probably framed these laws, but they were framed centuries ago, in an ignorant, barbarous age. It cannot be owing to the influence of the Bible that men have supremacy over women, as this supremacy existed, and exists still, among people perfectly ignorant of God and the Bible. God foretold it as a curse consequent upon sin. He did not institute it as a command, or as a state of things more beneficial than the cultivation of thorns and thistles would be. Women are, at all events, not in such slavery now as they were in the time of the old pagan Romans, when a man had power to kill wife or child, or servant, if he liked. Eighteen hundred years hence, how much further will civilization have advanced! When will the Divine Right of husbands be regarded in the same light as the Divine Right of Kings!"

Altogether, this novel evinces wonderful powers of imagination and descriptive force. Whether the gifted author deals with high or low life, she is equally at home. One experienced and learned English reviewer has declared that most of her characters and incidents are drawn with a truthfulness and reality unsurpassed by the greatest artists in fiction. "Little Flags," we believe, met with some animadversion owing to its woman's rights opinions. The author was considered to possess a "crotchet" on the subject; which was "redeemed," however, by the general cleverness and interest of the story, and also, probably, by the fact that the women's rights arguments in it could not be refuted. On the whole, the novel was, we understand, very successful. We think it is one that should be highly prized by all lovers of the advancement of women. No praise is too much for the courage and spirit that urged a young author, in her earliest attempts at publishing, to venture upon a theme considered distasteful and unpopular, if not wholly ridiculous, at the time she commenced her literary work in England.

Noble women in America were writing and speaking on the subject long before; but their words did not reach the shores of Great Britain, except to be distorted, and misrepresented, and sneered at. Two or three years ago, Miss Robertson was the solitary advocate for the thorough rights of women; compromising nothing; admitting no superiority of male to female; standing up for full equality of legal and social privileges; not asking merely for a higher education for women, and the right to be wood-engravers, or telegraph clerks, or skilled nurses; but the right to be free in a free country, and to use their high, God-given intellect, in the highest and greatest ways possible, for their own benefit, and fame, and fortune, as well as for the general good of a world groaning under the weight of stupidity, ignorance and selfishness.

Our next paper will be on the lately published novel of "Society in a Garrison Town," by Miss Robertson.

A NOBLE MOTHER.—Woman's rights, as a natural right, must have come to me by my mother. I believe, as I sit and think of her wonderful genius for doing whatever she took in hand, that, if she had been told to do it by her sense of duty, and then the way had opened, she would have led an army like the old queens, or governed a kingdom. What she did govern were great, growing, hungry, outbreaking bairns—keeping us all well in hand, smiting all hindrances out of our way, keeping us fed and clad bravely, and paying for school as long as we could be spared to go, out of the eighteen shillings a week the quiet manful father made at his anvil. The kindest heart that ever beat in a man's breast, I think, was his. It stopped beating one hot July day, and before any hand could touch him he was in the "rest that remains."—Robert Collyer.

JOHN AS A HUSBAND.—The Chinamen may want wives, the Massachusetts spinsters may want husbands. It isn't every woman that would have John for a husband, and it isn't every woman John would have for a wife; but human nature is human nature, even in spite of antipodal diversities. John is clay, and yellow clay at that; he will yield; he will forget the flowery kingdom; he will forget Confucius; he will cut off his pigtail; he will drop his slippers, and put on North Adams boots; he will lay aside his blue cotton blouse, and put on a bob-tailed coat; he will wear eye-glasses; he will get married to his kind-hearted Sunday-school teacher; and he will bring over forty-five thousand other Johns, like himself, to restore the social equilibrium in Massachusetts. Boston may become a city of pagodas and joss-houses, and Plymouth Rock the site of a porcelain tower. Massachusetts may escape being Hibernian only by becoming Chinese.—*St. Louis Republican*.

Miss Sarah Grimke, of Hyde Park, Mass., now near her eightieth year, has traveled tirelessly over the roads of Hyde Park for three months selling John Stuart Mill's pamphlet, and has sold one hundred copies. Miss Grimke, with her sister Angelina, now Mrs. Theodore Weld, will be remembered as Abolitionists of twenty-five or more years ago.

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS,
LONDON, July 18, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The engrossing topic of the day is the declaration of war between France and Prussia. The English press has unanimously acknowledged that if ever a war was waged for wickedness it is this war. Perhaps no better proof of the *spirit* now abroad in France can be given than this extract from the *Petit Journal* of Saturday; it is remarkable both for its flippancy and confidence:

"For some days past I have heard in the Senate, on the Exchange, and wherever the best informed people are assembled, that a great number of Frenchmen are to take advantage of the temporary mildness of the temperature to spend a part of the summer in Prussia. These tourists are almost all bachelors, and those who have wives leave them at home, lest they should be exposed to the fatigues and risks of this rapid excursion. Most of them, besides, have made journeys of the same sort together in Africa, in Italy, in the Crimea, in Mexico, and in China; they know how to help each other, and are equal to any emergency. There is nothing so ingenious as the organization of these great enterprises, which thus throw on the roads a crowd of young and healthy men, who go to see distant scenes and disport themselves without troubling themselves much about the inevitable dangers of every distant expedition where it is necessary to fight and to conquer difficulties and serious obstacles. The persons charged with the direction of this vast movement, of which they are the experienced and vigilant chiefs, have already taken all the measures necessary to secure the good understanding and the success of the enterprise. The men proceed by companies on foot, on horseback, in carts, in wagons, on the railways, which place a special material at their disposition, on the high roads, and sometimes, also, across country. They carry with them all that is necessary to their support—wherewithal to dress and to recruit themselves; they have surgeons, cooks, vivandieres, bands, means of transport, and even arms and ammunitions. This hasty manner of entering foreign parts being liable to produce encounters wherein it is necessary to defend or attack, according to the wise laws of the road, it seems certain that the most re-assuring precautions have been taken, and that our brave countrymen are equipped in such sort that they need fear no surprise in the event of any one attempting to bar the way, and that the memorable examples of exploits recently accomplished in analogous circumstances are but child's play in comparison with the foreseen results arrived at by means of the new instruments of action and protection. On their side, the Prussians, who are, from an isolated point of view, worthy people, of a solid temperament, and animated by the best intentions, will certainly do their best, and will spare no pains to receive our countrymen worthily. But it is doubtful whether their good will and their efforts will suffice for this ungrateful task, since the French are apt to show themselves exacting and grasping when they take to moving in these large masses as though through a conquered country. I do not know whether any of ourselves—chroniclers and historians of passing events—will have the honor, as has been the same on similar festive occasions, of following the peregrinations of the joyous bands now leaving for the land beyond the Rhine, and relating, from day to day, the interesting episodes and memorable actions of the campaign. But, in the hope and desire of so attractive an occupation, I wish to recall to my memory the principal facts relating to different excursions of our flag into Prussia; these recollections have the merit of animating the landscape, lightening the march, and abridging the distances by rendering the stages of the journey in some degree familiar.

The letter concludes in the same heartless style, recalling the various victories of France over Prussia, but retaining a remarkable silence as to the other side of the question. I fear it will be a long time before nations fully realize the crime of the "myriad-handed

murder of multitudes." Our famous Dr. Whewell, the last Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, founded by his will a professorship of international law, and left to the professor a direction to make the prevention of wars the end of his teachings. It is sad to think that what appeared the promising expedient of international law, namely, the obligation laid on each European power by the Treaty of Paris, should have been so ruthlessly disregarded in the present instance by France.

But I must turn to a more peaceful topic, the Workman's International Exhibition, which was opened by the Prince of Wales on Saturday. The afternoon was one of the hottest we have had this summer, and the dais set apart for the royal party, and those who were honored with cards for this distinguished position, was totally unsheltered from the sun, which pierced through the glass roof with such intensity that I thought I should be fortunate if I escaped a brain fever. The Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary of Cambridge, and her husband, Prince Teck, appeared at three o'clock, and received the address with becoming patience, to which his Royal Highness made an appropriate reply; and then a tour of inspection commenced round the building, during which the Princess Mary showed considerable interest in some of the mechanical inventions which were pointed out to her. But the crowd was so fearful, it was impossible to carry out the entire programme, and among other things left undone was the visit to the Ladies' Work Society Stall, on which I had placed some of the best work sent by destitute gentlewomen to the Victoria Press, and which the prince wished to inspect, as it is under the special patronage of his royal consort. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women has sent some admirable specimens of fine printing, glass-staining, and law-engrossing. Miss Le Geyt has a splendid copy in oils from one of the old masters, and Mrs. Fleet has some illuminations which threaten to surpass the exquisite *Te Deum* which she published at the Victoria Press in 1868, and which I had the honor of taking to Windsor for Her Majesty's inspection. These are also from our Book of Common Prayer, and for minuteness of detail and delicacy of finish, they are certainly unrivaled. Lest I should be a biased critic (for I must inform you that Mrs. Fleet is my elder sister), I will give you a review of the former work from the *if not all-wise*, at any rate, the all-powerful *London Times*:

"Miss Faithfull has brought out a set of illuminations by Mrs. Fleet, embodying the whole of the verses which compose the 'Te Deum.' They are dedicated to the queen, by 'special permission,' and certainly could not easily be surpassed in beauty of design or in the finish of their execution. They are of strictly mediæval patterns, and some of those patterns are so minutely perfect that an examination of them with the help of strong glasses serves only to bring out fresh beauties in them."

Viscountess Strangford who is a very skillful illuminator herself, passes the same high praise in another quarter upon Mrs. Fleet, and says, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, she likes to see the results of a "yet more extended study on so rich an imagination. Why should Europe alone nourish Mrs. Fleet's wonderful powers of adaptation? Why should we not be made more familiar with the indescribably graceful intervolutions of Turkish penmanship, or the elaborate arabesques of Persian MSS.? Neither Celt nor Anglo-Saxon, neither French nor

German, that we have ever seen, comes up to the delicacy and variety of oriental design and illumination."

The Exhibition is divided into eighteen classes, and the place of honor has been given to the Italians, who, by a collection of objects of great interest, have proved themselves worthy of the position. The most pleasing feature of the Exhibition is the mention of the names of the actual makers of the articles; not only the designation of the firm which exhibits them, but the craftsmen who wrought them. The building, however, is still, unfortunately, in great confusion. Some of the things have not been unpacked, and others have not arrived at all; and I should think royalty seldom got so well dusted as the prince and his party on Saturday, and what it must have been four days previously, when the Queen took a private view at ten o'clock in the morning, I cannot conceive.

While this is going on at Islington, a Baby Show has been held at Highbury, another suburb more or less known to Londoners. Arranged in two double rows down the "middle of the ball-room at Highbury Barn," have these poor wretched little babies been exhibited for three days, to the satisfaction, I conclude, of some people, but to the horror of most. I really could not make up my mind to see this sight; so what I tell you of it is "hearsay;" but, I understand some very handsome specimens were to be seen. "The babies didn't mind it at all, and the mothers took an evident pride in the whole concern."

Last night the Married Women's Property Bill was presented to the House of Lords after the alterations of the committee, which have made it, as Lord Cairns felt bound to say, almost a new bill. Still I cannot help thinking it is better than nothing, though it will not, in its present state, afford anything like complete satisfaction to the committee to whose efforts we owe even this concession. I don't mean the House of Lords' committee, but Miss Wolstenholm and her co-workers. The amendments made by the Lords' committee were thus explained by Lord Cairns.

In the first place, the earnings of married women, whether small or large, and whether derived from wages or trade, were to be considered as her separate property, and as if settled to her separate use. The bill then proceeded to deal with, and give protection to, the investments of married women, made by means of their earnings during marriage. As to savings banks, the law at present was this—that the banks received deposits in the names of married women, but the husband might take possession of them. The present bill provided that any deposits in savings banks, and also annuities granted by the post-office savings banks, if granted in the name of a married woman, should be considered as property settled to her separate use. Then there was a clause which secured to a married woman money invested in the funds or in public companies, and the object was to extend to married women in the middle and poorer classes that protection which women in the upper classes generally obtained by means of marriage settlements, which were generally transacted through the medium of third parties.

There was nothing of this kind in reference to the humbler classes in life. There was, then, not only an unwillingness to employ a lawyer to make a settlement, but an unwillingness to enter into such contract, and, in fact, the woman would rather not ask her intended husband for his consent to any thing of the kind.

Another clause would enable a woman who was about to marry, or one who was married, to invest money in the funds, or in the stocks of public companies, and if invested in her name, and for her separate use, should be considered her separate property, and she alone should be entitled to transfer it, or to take the interest of it. As to all these clauses, there was

attached this provision—that if it should appear that a married woman had made investments with the money of her husband, and without his consent, he should be entitled to apply to the court in a very summary way to set the matter right. Then it was provided that none of these clauses should be acted upon in fraud of creditors. With regard to personal property coming to a woman after marriage, as the next of kin of a person dying intestate, it was provided that it should be hers to her separate use; and as to property which she should come into as heir-at-law, the rent should be deemed to be hers for her separate use. He ought to point out that these provisions were confined to property devolving by intestacy, because as to property coming by will, it would be in the power of the person giving it to attach the condition of separate use.

There was in the bill a clause that entitled a husband to effect a policy of insurance for the benefit of his wife and children, and it was to be considered trust property for their benefit, and should not be taken by creditors of the husband; but it was provided that if the court should find that the insurance had been effected in fraud of creditors, the premiums should be repaid for the benefit of the creditors.

Lord Penzance seemed very pleased with the altered bill, which was not an unlikely circumstance, considering it owed many of its so-called amendments to his suggestions; and he declared it able to secure to married women the enjoyment of money earned by "industry or talent," and he again stigmatized the bill in its old shape as likely to "divide man and wife."

Lord Shaftesbury believed that this alteration in the law would prove to be one of the greatest social blessings ever brought about by legislation. He spoke of the large number of women competing with men as producers; as many as 800,000 women were earning wages in England, and putting their earnings down at £20 a year, the total would be £16,000,000. Surely that was a sum to be protected from violence. He regretted that the bill had not secured any savings the woman may have made from her earnings before marriage, and remarked, many women possessed articles of value, "such as jewelry and clothes, others sewing-machines and mangles," and yet these are not secured to them, but would become the property of the husband immediately after marriage. With a view to meet this in some measure,

Lord Morley moved a new clause to the following effect: "That any married woman, or woman about to be married, and her intended husband, may make application to the proper authority to secure that such property shall be a separate property of such woman, and shall be transferable and payable as if she were an unmarried woman, except in the case where such property has been obtained by a married woman by means of the moneys of her husband without his consent."

The clause was at once adopted.

Lord Lyttleton drew attention to certain kinds of property which would not be affected by this bill, and as to the propriety of making its provisions retrospective.

Lord Cairns said that they could not effectually secure the property of married women without the intervention of trustees, and the bill made the savings banks and the directors and registrars of public companies trustees; but it would be impossible to protect for the woman her earnings before marriage, unless they had been invested.

The Lord Chancellor believed that the bill had been greatly improved by the select committee. As to particular chattels bought by a woman before marriage, out of her own savings, it had long been settled that they would continue her separate property, and other property could be secured by means of trustees.

Lord Houghton made a protest against some alterations which appeared to him founded on an "entire absence of principle;" but the bill ultimately passed through committee, and on the suggestion of Lord Penzance, the first of November, in the present year, was fixed as the date on which it should come into operation.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

Perhaps no country has given so many brilliant women to the world as France; in no other country has genius and talent in women been so readily and cordially recognized; and in the history of no other country do we find women playing so prominent a part in the politics, letters, and society of their day.

Reviewing the last two centuries, which comprise the most brilliant period of French history, a dazzling array of soldiers, statesmen, poets, and men and women of letters, passes before us. Amongst these latter, less remarkable than many others for her share in the historical and political events of her time, yet whose name is widely celebrated for her remarkable letters, is Madame de Sévigné.

Marie de Rabutin Chantal was born on the 5th of February, 1627, at the Chateau de Bourbilly, in Bourgogne. Her father was the Baron de Chantal, and her mother came of the family of Coulanges. M. de Chantal was killed in opposing a descent of the English upon the Isle de Re, at the age of thirty-one, when the future Madame de Sévigné was only five months old. Soon after her mother died also, and from that time until her marriage she appears to have lived with her maternal relations. Her education was conducted at first by her grandfather, Philippe de Coulanges, and, upon his death, by her uncle, Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé de Livry, often mentioned with affection in her letters.

Pretty, though without regular features, rather below the middle height, but a graceful figure, well educated, possessing brilliant talents, and no inconsiderable fortune of her own, Marie de Rabutin was not likely to remain long unmarried. At the age of eighteen she became the wife of the Marquis de Sévigné, a union which, after the first few years, was not productive of much happiness. It is, perhaps, one of the many illustrations that could be brought forward, of the prolonged beauty and fascination of another unenviably celebrated woman of her time, Ninon de l'Enclos, that she possessed the power of wounding Madame de Sévigné, not only through her husband, but, years afterwards, through her son.

In 1651, M. de Sévigné was killed in a duel with the Chevalier d'Albret, who was in love, at the same time as himself, with a Madame de Goudran, leaving his wife a widow at twenty-five years of age. To bring up her two children, and to repair the breaches in their fortunes which M. de Sévigné had made, became the chief objects of her life, and by economy, habits of order, looking well after her affairs herself, and the counsels of her uncle, the abbé, she soon succeeded in restoring the latter.

Nor did the young widow lack admirers. Amongst them was her brilliant and handsome cousin, the Comte de Bussy, wit and satirist, the letters to whom, and from whom, form so large and amusing a part of Madame de Sévigné's correspondence. Even before the death of M. de Sévigné, he had made overtures to her, but without success. Nor was he more successful in her widowhood. This fact, and the offence he took at the hesitation with which, as he considered, Madame de Sévigné lent him a sum of money, caused a rupture between them, and there is a gap of eight years in their entertaining correspondence.

After that time, we find Madame de Sévigné and her cousin resuming their former intimacy, and letters again passing between them. It was in the memoirs and correspondence of M. de Bussy, which appeared in 1696 and 1697, that the epistolary talent of Madame de Sévigné was first revealed to the public, and remarked upon by men of taste; but it was not till many years after the publication of the above memoirs that the first edition of Madame de Sévigné's letters was given to the world.

Amongst the interesting events of the reign of Louis XIV. was the trial of Fouquet, the celebrated minister. Of this trial, which caused so much excitement and feeling in France, we find a detailed account, in a series of letters from Madame de Sévigné to Simon Arnould, Marquis de Pomponne. Fouquet had been one of the most ardent of Madame de Sévigné's many admirers. After years of vain hopes, he contented himself with her friendship; and in the days of his disgrace, when even those whom he had benefited and enriched knew him no more, he remembered, among the few friends he still retained, Madame de Sévigné. Much unmerited scandal arose, at the time of Fouquet's trial, from the finding of the letters of Madame de Sévigné to the disgraced minister—letters of pure friendship—mixed with those of his mistresses; and it was at this time that M. de Bussy, putting aside for ever his quarrel with Madame de Sévigné, came forward and earnestly defended the fair fame of his cousin.

In 1663, Madame de Sévigné appeared at court to introduce her daughter, "la plus jolie fille de France," in her mother's eyes. After a short time, Madame de Sévigné married her to a Provençal, the Comte de Grignan. If Mademoiselle de Sévigné were "la plus jolie fille de France," M. de Grignan was not, even according to Madame de Sévigné's description, "le plus joli garçon de France." M. de Grignan was plain, had already had two wives, and was the father of two daughters; but M. de Grignan had rank, and titles, and wealth, which latter recommendations were not likely to be overlooked by the brilliant, but somewhat vain Frenchwoman. Writing to M. de Bussy concerning this marriage, she observes complacently: "Toutes ses femmes sont mortes pour faire place à votre cousine, et même son père et son fils, par une bonté extraordinaire."

In reply to this letter, M. de Bussy wittily says: "Il n'y a qu'une chose qui me fait peur pour la plus jolie fille de France; c'est que Grignan, qui n'est pas vieux, est déjà sa troisième femme; il en use presque autant que d'habits, ou du moins que de carrosses."

What Mademoiselle de Sévigné's feelings upon the subject were do not transpire. Indeed, it is not *comme il faut* for a well-bred young French lady of rank to have any feelings at all upon the subject of her marriage. So Mademoiselle de Sévigné became Madame la Comtesse de Grignan.

Soon after this marriage, the duties of M. le Comte de Grignan called him to Provence, and the consequent separation of Madame de Sévigné from her daughter gave to the reading world the most charming part of her correspondence. What has become of the letters of Madame de Grignan? Why were they destroyed? are questions to which no certain answers can be given. Le Chevalier Perrin,

one of the first editors of Madame de Sévigné's letters, says they were sacrificed to a religious scruple. Madame de Grignan had imbibed some philosophical doubts concerning religion from the study of Descartes' works. Again, a later edition urges that all her letters could not have been devoted to controversial reflections, and suggests the possibility of Madame de Grignan having, in her letters, confided to her mother her jealousy of M. de Grignan, for which feeling he is believed to have given her ample cause, and their consequent destruction by his family. This, however, would surely be open to the same objection as the Chevalier Perrin's. It is scarcely likely that all Madame de Grignan's letters touched upon the subject of her husband's infidelities, especially in an age when such divergencies from the straight path of morality were not only looked lightly upon, but were decidedly the fashion. Why, then, should not those letters which were free from allusions to M. de Grignan's delinquencies have been preserved? Whatever the cause, however, certain it is that Madame de Grignan's letters to her mother are lost to us, and this fact cannot but be regretted.

Not only as models of taste and style in the epistolary art, are these letters from Madame Sévigné to her daughter valuable. They are full of entertaining remarks upon the events of the day, and allusions to most of the celebrated people of her time. Very interesting are her letters, both to M. and Madame de Grignan, touching the death of the Maréchal Turenne, a happy, and glorious, and fitting end, she thinks, provided, as she piously observes, he were prepared for it. "Il meurt dans sa gloire," she writes, while the enthusiasm of the people of France was at its height, before time and possible reverses could have detracted from his honors. Universal, we learn from these same letters, was the grief for Turenne's death. The king and court in tears, and nothing spoken of in the streets of Paris but the sad intelligence.

Inexplicable is the evident inability of Madame de Sévigné to fully appreciate the great tragedies of Racine, a lack of appreciation which caused M. de Voltaire to speak of her as a woman without taste. She speaks of Racine's fame as fleeting, as not being likely to endure beyond his own time, and the acting of the celebrated actress la Champinellé. Writing to Madame de Grignan, she says: "Racine fait des comédies pour la Champinellé; ce n'est pas pour les siècles à venir." Of Corneille she was an enthusiastic admirer, frequently quoting him in her letters. Speaking of this poet to Madame de Grignan, she writes: "rien n'approchera, je ne dis pas surpassera; je dis que rien n'approchera les divins endroits de Corneille." And again, almost more emphatically, she says of him; "Il faut que tout cède à son génie."

Much more might be quoted from these interesting letters relative to the celebrated characters of that time, did space allow.

Madame de Sévigné died of small pox while staying with her daughter, whom she had been nursing through a long and severe illness in April, 1676, at the age of 69. She appears to have preserved her beauty far into middle age, if we may credit the words of Mademoiselle de Scudéri, who, writing of Madame de Sévigné (then in her fifty-third year) to M. de Bussey, says: "Je rencontrai, l'autre jour, Madame de Sévigné, qui je trouvai encore belle,"

About Women.

Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte is writing her life for early publication.

Mrs. Childs, of Utica, has left \$30,000 to Hamilton College.

Nearly one-half the type-setting on the Paris literary papers is done by women.

George Sand generally does her writing between midnight and seven o'clock in the morning.

Two young ladies acted as Assistant Marshalls at the Fourth of July celebration at Fenton, Mich.

Mrs. George Vandenhoff is preparing to lecture next season on "The rights and wrongs of children."

Miss Mary Barry, of Knoxville, Tenn., has taken a prize for bringing one hundred scholars to the Sunday-school.

Archduchess Sophia is about to erect, in the suburbs of Vienna, a chapel to the memory of her ill-fated son, Maximilian.

The Warren, Ohio, flax mill, owned by Mrs. Camp & Randall, employs one hundred hands, and turns out 10,000 yards of cloth per week.

St. Paul has a working-woman's building society, for the negotiation of homestead loans. It is needless to add that its benefits are confined to loan woman.

At the Working-women's College, in England, the classes were taught gratuitously by lady teachers. A good library and coffee-room are attached to the college.

Queen Isabella has taken leave of Emperor Napoleon. She intends to visit her mother, who is living at St. Adresse, near Havre, in France.

At the Bridgewater Normal School diplomas were awarded to Misses Alice Hammett, Lizzie Hammett, Esther Hamilton, and Maria J. Kavanagh, all of Newport.

Who will say women have no rights? In the case of a woman charged with stealing money from her husband, a Troy justice has dismissed the case, on the ground that a wife cannot steal from her husband.

A distressed wife wishes to know if a woman may not lawfully steal a march upon her husband, or a kiss if she is so "disposed?" Also, she thinks it is rather hard on women, who, "love to steal awhile away."

Congress did one good thing at least, during its last session, by awarding to female clerks in the various departments of the national government the same compensation as is paid to the male clerks for doing the same style and quantity of labor.

The Eastern Star, or Ladies' Masonic Degree, is rapidly spreading in the Northwestern States. Mississippi has already seven chapters, and Missouri three. On the Pacific coast, there are, in California, two chapters, and in Washington one.

The London *Saturday Review* thinks Miss Kavanagh's new novel, "Silvia," fresh and charming, and that the author has produced nothing prettier than the heroine of this book, "with her willful temper, and her true heart, her native genius, and her natural indolence, her artistic gifts, and her intellectual darkness."

In East Bridgewater, Mass., Mrs. Thayer has been appointed Superintendent of Schools and has accepted the situation. She is thoroughly qualified for the office.

Forty thousand women are employed as outdoor laborers in England.

We wonder if it would drag them away from the retiring sphere proper to women, to cast a vote once or twice a year?

At a late revival meeting an impulsive young sinner prayed that God would bless the two young ladies between whom he had been sitting, "especially the one on the right."

We presume the lady was offended "over the left."

There are two ladies in the Post-office Department at Washington who are employed in translating the foreign correspondence, and in keeping up the accounts in foreign languages. They are scholars in four languages—German, French, Spanish, and Italian.

The Spanish order of noble ladies, which has been conferred on Madam Oliver, carries with it the title of "Excellency," and confers a rank equivalent to that of grandee. There are at present in France only ten other ladies who have the right to wear it."

Madame de Stael said: "If I were mistress of fifty languages, I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

Charlotte Brontë, if still living, would now be but fifty-four years old—not older than several of our present lady authors. The demand for her "Jane Eyre" is said to be equalled by that for no other standard novel except Miss Muloch's "John Halifax, Gentleman."

It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. This reminds us of a happy simile: "A coquette is a rose from whom every lover plucks a leaf—a thorn remains for her future husband."

The prettiest woman at Saratoga is a mulatto servant girl. This girl, whom many persons might call "colored" in derision, exhibits the most delicately tinted olive, which is relieved and enhanced by the brightness of her complexion. One looks upon her as a picture—an animated statue of some modern Cleopatra, rather than as the humble offspring of an unfavored race.

We would advise girls who go out riding with young men always to grab the lines when the team gets frightened. It prevents the driver from turning the buggy over. Another good plan for them is to throw their arms around the young man, and scream at the top of their voices. It soothes the frightened horses and calms the excited driver.

There is so much advice given to women that is foolish and irrelevant, that we welcome with joy the above as being not only sound and practical, but something that girls will be likely to follow.

A lady in Michigan writes to the New Bedford Shipping List for information of a person who "sailed from somewhere on a whaling voyage between 1796 and 1805." She supposes the port either New Bedford, Nantucket, or Newburyport.

There is nothing like knowing exactly what you want to know, and being definite in your statements. We think, however, in this case, if the lady had told whether the person started to go somewhere else, she would be more likely to find him.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1870.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications to their authors.

WHAT JUSTIFIES MARRIAGE?

The institution of marriage is either the greatest curse or the greatest blessing known to society. It brings two people into the closest of all possible relations; it puts them into the same house; it seats them at the same table; it thrusts them into the same sleeping apartment; in short, it forces upon them an intimate and constant companionship from which there is no escape. More than this, it makes any attempt at escape disreputable: the man or woman who seeks to loosen or break the tie which he or she finds intolerable, is frowned upon by society. The fracture of the galling chain must be made at the expense of the reputation of one or both of the parties bound together. There is no hope for two people shackled in the manacles of an unhappy marriage, but a release by death; and no wonder that each desires deliverance, and longs for the death of the other.

Yet what can be more horrible or more degrading to human nature than such a situation. Can anything be more demoralizing than this position of two people living under the same roof, forced into daily and almost hourly companionship, each of whom secretly desires the death of the other.

That the number of people who find marriage intolerable is not small, the annals of crime prove. Wife murders are so common that one can scarcely take up a newspaper without finding one or more instances of this worst of all sins; and none but God can know how many men and women are murderers at heart. But even where an uncongenial marriage does not ripen into such evil fruit as murder, either in fact or in desire, it is no less true that it poisons every spring of life; it takes all the savor out of daily existence; it is a constant misery—a perpetual wearing and hopeless pain, not the less hard to bear, because pride compels the sufferers to wear a decorous and calm exterior. It is hard enough for a man to be forced to admit to himself that he has made a mistake for which there is no remedy; to a proud spirit, the consciousness that others shared that knowledge would be intolerable. For this reason, many more than we suspect hide, under a quiet appearance, a hungry, craving, unsatisfied heart; they suffer, but they make no sign.

But as an uncongenial marriage is the greatest of misfortunes, so, on the contrary, a congenial one is the greatest of all blessings. Nothing can be more delightful than the lifelong union of two people who are suited to each other. To the prosaic details of everyday existence their companionship lends a charm. To the joys of life true marriage gives a new flavor; from life's sorrows it takes half the bitterness.

Even to the most ordinary man, a happy marriage is a continual inspiration; it lifts him

into an atmosphere of unselfishness; it incites him to fresh effort, and sustains him in the weariness which the labors of life must bring. Under the stimulus of a happy marriage, the most common place of men ceases to be utterly ignoble, and under its influence, the noble soul becomes heroic.

Since, then, true marriage is so great a blessing to mankind, how shall it be secured? No one who has seen much of life will, we think, venture to say that it is a very common occurrence to find, among the men and women legally bound together, many instances of this ideal and only true marriage.

Man has bound in wedlock many whom God has not joined together. Indeed, it is difficult for a close observer not to come to the conclusion that marriage, as it now exists, is a curse to society and to the human race; it is a source, far more frequently, of misery than of happiness. What God intended for the crowning felicity of mankind has been distorted by the race into its crowning wretchedness.

How can this be remedied? No pair ever entered upon wedlock with the consciousness that they were entering upon a life of torture. Very few marry without the expectation of inward happiness. Why are they so, almost invariably, disappointed? In other words, what justifies a man and woman in marriage? There are some who marry, knowing that other than the highest motives lead them to this step; but those who marry consciously for ambition, from pique or from other equally ignoble reasons, are the exception rather than the rule. Most of those who marry are, or fancy themselves to be, in love with each other. Each imagines the other to possess those qualities which will make a life spent together delightful to both; and this expectation makes the disappointment, when it comes, the harder to bear; the ideal happiness they have hoped for, and failed to find, makes the real wretchedness the more insupportable.

Is it not time that advanced thinkers should give some attention to the marriage relation, and discover, if possible, upon what basis it may rest securely, peacefully, and happily.

It has been said so often that it has become trite and common-place, that love, and love alone, justifies marriage. But what is true love? How may we distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit passion?

Many who have fancied themselves the most ardent of lovers have discovered, after marriage, their fatal error, when too late to retrieve it. Gratiified vanity, the stir of the senses, the novelty of the experience, of power over one another, have often been mistaken by a young girl for love; and she may find, when too late, that the natural longing which a young heart has for affection made her imagine herself in love with her lover, when she was only "in love with the love he offered her," as Alphonse Kaer so happily expresses it.

Those few who have thought and written upon the subject are hopelessly at variance with each other in their conclusions. The author of counterparts in her theory, which she develops with such patience and care, teaches that two people can only be happy in the marriage relation who supplement each other; in other words, each must possess the qualities which the other lacks; true harmony can result only from differences; and this is, perhaps, the most generally received opinion.

"Opposites attract," says the old proverb. But says John Stuart Mill: "Unlikeness may attract, but it is likeness which retains, and in proportion to the likeness is the suitability of individuals to give each other a happy life."

There should be similarity of tastes and dissimilarity of temperament, asserts still another authority. Marriage was not intended as a means of happiness but of discipline, concludes another close observer of life. "Marriage is, in my idea, one of the most barbarous institutions which society has sketched," writes George Sand.

Such are a few of the opinions, various and conflicting enough, which those who have written on this topic have uttered; but no one has yet given to the subject the careful study which an institution like marriage, so closely involved with the best interests of society demands.

Meanwhile men and women marry in the same old hap-hazard way, learning nothing from each other's experience; and the result is what one might expect, confusion, misery and crime.

EMILY FAITHFULL

In reading the pleasant letter from Dublin which Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, of Chicago, contributed to last week's *Woman's Journal*, we were especially pleased with her complimentary allusion to our London correspondent, Miss Emily Faithfull. It has been the good fortune of Mrs. Doggett to become personally acquainted with Miss Faithfull, and to hear one of her public addresses. The critical approval expressed in the accompanying extract is all the more valuable because it comes from an accomplished and candid writer:

"Miss Faithfull opened the discussion upon the essay in a speech of ten minutes length, every minute of which I would have multiplied by ten. In my life I have heard but two or three persons who speak so well. She uses no notes, does not hesitate, which might almost prove her not English, has a rich, full voice, to which one would love to listen with closed eyes, so sweet and musical is it, and her enunciation is as perfect as Wendell Phillips. A part of her work is to teach elocution to clergymen and members of Parliament, and it is to be hoped that she will have full classes; for if I may judge from the score or more men whom I heard speak upon various occasions, among them 'a belted Earl,' there is need of such instruction as she can give."

We had hoped to see Miss Faithfull in this country during the coming lecture season, but her numerous admirers on this side of the Atlantic must be content, for the present, with her letters in *THE REVOLUTION*.

THE MEETING AT NIAGARA.

Notwithstanding the able list of lecturers present, which list included Miss Anthony, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Hazlett, and Miss Blake, the late Convention at Niagara Falls could not, in point of numbers, be pronounced a success.

We do not know who is responsible for the time and place; but with the thermometer above ninety, at a locality where newly wedded people, for the most part, go, and stop twenty-four hours, or less, we do not think a very large, earnest, or thoughtful crowd of hearers was to be expected. If any enthusiastic individual was so deluded as to go there last week, with high hopes, he was doubtless led to exclaim—

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countryman!"

WOMEN IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The *Woman's Journal*, of June 18th, asks "if lady artists are admitted to membership in the National Academy of Art in New York?"

We have made some inquiries upon the subject, and are glad to reply that they are admitted upon the same terms as their brothers in the profession.

To the honor of the members of the artistic and literary guild, it may be said that they have always cordially recognized real merit in the women who have essayed to join their ranks. George Sand, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë, in the present day, no less than Miss Burney, Amelia Opie, Jane Austin, Maria Edgeworth, Madame De Stael, and many others we might name of the past, have been received into fellowship most cordially by their brethren of the pen; and in painting and sculpture, Angelica Kauffmann, Artemisia Gentileschi, and Virginia Le Brun were, in past times, as kindly treated by their brother artists as Harriet Hosmer, Edmonia Lewis, and Rosa Bonheur have been in our day.

Artists have thus shown themselves in all ages in advance of their times in catholicity of spirit. Since genius knows no distinction of race or sex, it would be most absurd to allow such considerations to enter into the estimation of the excellence of any artistic effort. No true artist ever asks of a work who did it? but how is it done?

The National Academy very properly applies the same test to all applicants for its membership; that of merit—and merit alone. No favoritism is shown to women as women. They are judged as they should be, solely by the value of their works.

Last year, Mrs. Eliza Greathorex and Mrs. Elizabeth Murray were elected associate members of the Academy, a fact which reflects equal credit upon that body and the women artists whose works proved them worthy of the honor conferred upon them.

The N. Y. *Times* tells us that

"Sixty miles from beyond St. Paul is a farm worked by seven sisters. The parents of these girls were both invalids, and very poor. They went from Ohio to Minnesota barely three years ago, for their health. Under the homestead law the family secured a pre-emption claim of the usual 160 acres. Moved by a natural sympathy for a family so unfortunately situated, their neighbors helped them to put up a log house, and they were able to hire men to split rails for fencing, and to plow the land. All the rest of the work has been done by the seven girls, and last year they sold 900 bushels of potatoes, 500 bushels of corn, 250 bushels of wheat, and some 600 of miscellaneous vegetables. They are now comfortably off, and find time to read books and newspapers."

Well, what of it? It is no new thing under the sun for women to take kindly to husbandry. They generally believe, too, in rotation of crops, and if they find they have got small potatoes, they grow madder. The greatest trouble they find is said to be the repairing of rakes, and there are some few instances on record where cradling has decidedly gone against the grain.

Charlotte Guillard was the first notable female printer. She was in business for 50 years in Paris—from 1506 to 1556.

There is but one excuse for a marriage late in life, and that is—a second marriage.—*Josh Billings*.

WOMAN AS A BLACKSMITH.

It is a common thing for men, arguing against the doctrine of woman's rights, to conclude with—"Oh! well, if you don't like to remain in the quiet of home, but will persist in going out to do the rough work of life, you must do so; we won't oppose you; *work on the roads if you like, or do blacksmithing.*"

It is in vain for us to say, "But we don't know any women who *want* to do blacksmithing; if they do, certainly they should have liberty to practise that art." As soon as a woman expresses a desire to vote or to extend the field of woman's work, fighting, road-making, hod-carrying and blacksmithing are pointed out to her as the inevitable and fit sequence to her proposition.

The writer, having been (in consequence of progressive tendencies) more than once assigned to blacksmithing as her proper vocation, takes pleasure in announcing to any of her sisters who may be thinking of availing themselves of this avenue, generously left open by men, that there is, in the city of Toledo, O., a woman carrying on that business, and making thereby a comfortable living.

A few months since a card appeared in one of the papers, inserted by Mrs. Siebert, a German woman, to the effect that she would carry on the trade of blacksmithing and wagon-making, practised by her lately deceased husband, and bespeaking for herself the favor of his patrons.

She continues the business, and it is apparently prosperous, bringing in perhaps more than 'days' works in her own legitimate "sphere" (washing and cleaning) would have done.

To any woman possessed with a strong fancy for the business of blacksmithing and wagon-making, and inspired by this example to attempt it, who yet hesitates, through doubt of her own muscular power and physical ability, we would say that Mrs. Siebert does her work as women are accustomed to do many things—*by proxy*—through the "representative" system. She is the head and manager of the business, (indeed, it is said, she was *always* so,) having *men* to execute her orders.

Light is breaking upon our pathway! Another apparently insuperable obstacle has been surmounted. In the example and success of Mrs. Siebert, we see how woman, struggling for a foothold in broader paths—an entrance into more remunerative employments—may meet and satisfy the stern command which confronts her—*Be a blacksmith.*

The author of the spicy little sketch entitled "Go it alone," which we give this week, tells us that she is a "colored woman," but that her zeal in the cause of human progress is none the less warm on that account. She certainly views things through no colored medium, and if we must speak by the card, as she does, we are compelled to acknowledge that she makes her point.

The Woman question—"Can you let me have \$30 this morning?"

The Man question—"What did you do with that \$1 I gave you last week?"—*REVOLUTION.*

Thackeray, speaking of the power women have over men, says: "A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes."

"LET THE GIRLS ALONE."

What is the reason the gentlemen of the press are constantly taking off the little bonnets, and taking down the ladies' "back hair?" There has been a terrible story going the rounds lately, of a lady whose brain was devoured by vermin hidden in the "jute switch" (whatever that may be) that she wore as a hirsute ornament.

It now appears that the story, insects and all, was hatched in the imaginative brain of some man. We also see everywhere the statement that "hair-dye makes lunatics." This we do not deny, though it might be hard to tell, in cases where it is used, which is cause and which is effect; as we should think an individual must be on the verge of insanity who would resort to a deception so filthy and so transparent. But here is the point. Judging from our observation, we should say that the proportion of those who use "invigorators" and "restoratives" is about three men to one woman. Let anyone who doubts this observe, while riding in the cars, or walking on the street, the number of women who wear their honest grew hair, and the number of men who display beards having what shopmen call a "dead lustre."

That the practice of coloring the hair is worse than foolish we do not mean to deny. Indeed, we have the testimony of many physicians to show that it produces headache, neuralgia, paralysis and other diseases; and we do not doubt that, notwithstanding the most positive assurance which the bottles give to the contrary, many persons have found that that it was a "die!"

THE LIGHT OF THE SUN.

A great many rough and ugly criticisms are made on the *Sun*, but one thing is to be said in praise of that paper: it treats the woman's rights movements with a fairness which certain other journals in this city would do well to imitate. We know our own friends when we see them, and we count the *Sun* among the number. We have noticed, with great pleasure, that the *Sun* is assiduous in publishing facts having reference to woman's enfranchisement. This is a labor which it performs, not so voluminously as the *World*, but still to a sufficient degree to indicate its good intent toward woman and her cause. We feel under something like a personal obligation to those of our cotemporaries who do not forget the *REVOLUTION*, and, above all, who lend their influence to the movement which the *REVOLUTION* represents.

The N. Y. *Herald* is not wholly barbarous. It admits that a woman may properly be a postmistress, and it commends President Grant for his generous appointment of several widows of soldiers to lucrative postoffices in various parts of the country. This is well. We are glad the *Herald* gives even a second-hand and far-off advocacy to woman's rights. Perhaps the idea may one day enter the brain of the *Herald*, that if a woman can properly hold an office, she can just as properly cast a ballot.

Mary Russel Mitford, in one of her letters in 1820, said: "I write merely for remuneration, and I would rather scrub floors if I could get as much by that healthier and more respectable and feminine employment."

"GO IT ALONE"

BY STELLA.

It is customary among fashionable neighbors to call on each other and have, what they term it, a "sociable time." While thus occupied, they frequently engage in playing different games at cards; among which are seven-up, smut, whist, euchre, etc. The last-named appears to be the most fashionable. In this game, when the cards are arranged in a certain manner, one of the players cries out, with a confident air, "I think I might venture to go it alone."

Whilst reflecting over this game, one may draw quite an important lesson from the combat in cards; also some excellent inuendoes for the drama of life, where, whether the prize is silver or gold, position or power, riches or fame, the *successful* one is he or she who can go it alone.

When Galileo maintained, in the year 1609, that the world was round, and that it continually whirled around in a regular orbit, he could induce no one to believe him. They derided him, called him a liar and fool; finally, they chained and incarcerated him in prison. "It moves for all that," was his answer to their jeers and taunts; for he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone."

In 1470, Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, in Italy, arrived at Lisbon, in Portugal, soliciting patronage and aid for a novel and bold project in navigation. He was an Italian mariner, and had hitherto gained a livelihood as a pilot in the commercial interests of different countries. He proclaimed that the earth was a sphere consisting of land and water, and he thought it might be traveled around by water from East to West. He also advanced the opinion that men stand with their feet toward each other when on opposite sides of the globe. Sorrow and disappointment met him at every turn. Even the educated men of that day regarded his undertaking as a somewhat doubtful theory. All this, however, did not deter him or subdue his will. He at last succeeded in gaining the assistance of Queen Isabella, of Castile and Aragon, in fitting out vessels for the voyage necessary to prove the truthfulness of his assertions. In order to get up this equipment, this noble woman pledged her jewels; whereupon the learned men of Spain taunted and derided him, and used every means in their power to deter him from putting his plan into execution. Columbus did not mind this, for he felt within his breast that he could "go it alone." This indomitable will on his part resulted in the discovery, in 1492, of one of the grandest divisions on the globe.

In our day, when John Brown and a few of his followers went to Harper's Ferry, to strike the death-blow to slavery, every one pronounced him insane—a fanatic, etc. But he worked on unheeding; and though they destroyed his body, his spirit has been "going it alone" ever since. Thousands of brave men have breathed their last upon the battle-fields. Thousands more have died from starvation and imprisonment. Yet all this was necessary, in order to crush that hydra-headed monster—slavery. For John Brown's spirit is still marching on; and it will never be subdued till all enjoy equal privileges.

In 1848, the first convention of women was

held in New York. Many laughed at the idea of women becoming public speakers, lecturers, etc.; and for them to have the right of suffrage—the thought was perfectly preposterous! This feeling is fast disappearing; and the cause continues to gain advocates daily—thanks to the noble efforts of such women as Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Miss Dickinson, and scores of other good women.

In the drama of life, we should not depend wholly upon the assistance of relatives or friends. We know these are blessings of infinite value; yet they can bring us but little consolation, when reflecting upon moments spent in idleness; nor do they console the coward, who finds out, too late, that as his props have fallen he must now depend upon himself. In our aim for position, power, wealth or fame, whatever the drama in law or in love, this should be our motto, "Rely on yourself." Whether the reward be silver or gold, the victor is he who can go it alone.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

So many college boys have endeavored to put back the movement for the education of girls in the same classes, by showing themselves unfit to associate with young women, that we take special pride in mentioning the conduct of the young gentlemen in the Northwestern University, at Evanston. Miss Hoag entered the freshman class this year, the first lady to avail herself of the University classes. When the class adopted the cap, the other members presented a beautiful cap, suitable for a lady, and conformed as nearly as possible to their own, to their lady classmate.

Out of a literary set, very few know the author of "Ouida" and "Puck." These highly-colored works of imagination are by a woman—a Miss La Ramée—a lady whose father was a French officer. She lives with her mother at one of the large hotels in London, and frequently gives parties there. She is neither young, nor is she favored by nature with the physical advantages which she lavishes on her heroines.

The Paris *Journal* reports the following conversation between two girls: "If you only knew how badly papa treats mamma and me!" "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed. You can judge for yourself. When I was ready to be 'brought out' in society, he might have gone with me, might he not? Well, instead of that, when mamma and I went to his room to find him, we discovered he had been absent from the house a whole year."

A very gallant writer of the present day says that crotchet work is the art of seeming to be employed for a long time, and of producing a result of the least possible value; an invention by which young girls, fancying they are doing something useful and elegant, are induced to fritter away all the hours they might devote to improving their minds and making themselves agreeable companions.

We think it is a very foolish employment, since those engaged in it always get worsted.

Two young fellows from Big Creek, near Memphis, got out license to marry the same girl the other day. The lady couldn't make up her mind until this was done.

Perhaps she had heard of the wisdom of having "two strings to a bow," and thought it a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways.

IS THERE SEX IN GUILT?

Among the most odious of all inequalities is that which gives to the same crime, committed under the same circumstances, a different degree of guilt and punishment according to the social position which one holds. It was to equalize rights not only, but to equalize moral obligations, and to bring all men before the law, both for protection or punishment, on just the same footing—whether they are nobles, burghers, priests, or peasants—that the great Revolution in France was waged, and it is to moral and political equality that our Declaration of Independence in great part refers.

We have happily abolished the distinctions which existed in Europe. The Law knows no distinction between one class and another in duties or crimes, or in rewards or penalties. The only invidious and unjust inequalities that yet exist, in law, are those between the sexes. Public sentiment still lags behind the just demands of the age on this subject.

Women have no political rights, nor the same rights of property that men have. Public sentiment refuses to woman the same opportunity to earn wealth which men have, but the law refuses to protect their earnings as it does men's earnings. Worse yet, Public Sentiment, following the medieval bias, gives to the same crimes, committed under the same circumstances, a greater degree of guilt, if committed by woman, than when committed by man.

Nor are very able and upright journals wanting which deliberately justify this unjust distinction. To treat impurity in woman as more guilty than in man, is not so much to increase the responsibility of virtue on woman's part, as to lighten the responsibility on man's part.

To make a woman more guilty than a man for doing the same acts, in the same circumstances, is a violation, not less of reason and natural justice, than of the divine teachings of the Word of God. There was no sex in crime in the old Hebrew code. It is remarkable, that in Oriental lands, under the glaring sun, and amid the fervid passions of Eastern people, and with such lax, or at least liberal marriage institutions, there should be found such simple justice in meting out punishment to domestic infidelity, alike to man and woman. Neither legislation nor public sentiment in our Christian nations has yet reached the level of that natural justice, as between the sexes, which is found in the Mosaic Institutes. Adultery was death to both man and woman.

There is evidence that in our Saviour's time public sentiment had already lapsed, or else, why should a woman taken in adultery be dragged before Christ, while the man went free? Yet the Lord refused, in every instance in which he was called to act in similar cases, to treat woman as more guilty than man for the same offenses.

Nothing can show more clearly the want of education and just moral ideas in respect to this social question, than a recent sad history in Cortlandville, in this State. A woman, convinced of the infidelity of her husband to his marriage vows, instead of stabbing him, or shooting his evil partner, drowns herself. The case could not but touch the sensibilities of the whole community. There must be sure testimony against immorality so fatal. A party of young men in an outburst of virtue, repaired, not to the house of the husband, who had by his criminal conduct driven his wife to insanity and suicide, but to the house of ill-fame to which he had been accustomed to resort, and there seized the wretched woman, led her forth, tarred and feathered her, but, at her earnest entreaty, spared her life. It was the woman, it seems, that sinned. The husband was not supposed guilty enough to require any penalty.

Does any one suppose that in the eyes of the divine Judge this woman was guiltier than her paramour?

Her general life was disreputable, and his respectable. If there was any difference in the guilt of their common sin, was not the man far the more guilty?—*Christian Union*.

The thanks of every woman who desires the moral elevation of her sex, are due to the *Christian Union*, for the article which we give this week, entitled, "Is there sex in guilt?" Not until men and women stand on an equal footing in this matter, not only before the law, but also before the tribunal of public opinion, will there be any hope of cure for the so-called "social evil."

Maggie Mitchell promises to quit the stage after the present season.

LOVE AND FATE.

Continued from Page 92.

Mary Percival was interested in the subject, and seemed often inclined to return to it. It was not a topic of conversation that I by any means objected to, but I didn't half enjoy it under the circumstances. There was something unlike herself about Mary, a certain constraint not to be concealed. It was not very noticeable; but I, who knew her so well, noticed it, or rather felt it, and was uncomfortable accordingly. At the same time I was perfectly sure that my friend was sincere, both in the interest she expressed and in her manner toward me.

There was no affectation in Mary Percival—far from it. Looking back from a later day upon the events and feelings at that time, I was more wise to know the truth. Then I was only a selfish man who was not a coxcomb. Let me see, where was I? I told you I went home before Christmas; and one day, early in the new year, I was alone in my chamber, when an idea, which had been a long time simmering, boiled and bubbled into a determination. It was to write, to write, sir, to Mary Horner, and learn the worst or the best. Ah! I can jest upon it now. I wrote. The thermometer stood at twenty. I wrote. I have a bad habit of spoiling several sheets of paper when I write an important letter. I can show you a *fac simile* of this, discarded because of the capital M's being of two varieties. There it is; read it.

"MY DEAREST MARY:—I cannot call you by any other title and speak truly. Forgive me, if the truth is distasteful to you. Forgive, too, this method of making it known to you. In all our happy association I have not dared—yes, that is the word—to tell you this. 'A faint heart,' you will say; but 'the bright particular star always seemed so far above me.' These are calm words, dear, when my love is warm; these are cold words, when my heart is beating wildly. I would rather read my sentence, if it is to be banishment; but oh! I would ten times rather hear it, if it has one word of hope. Let me have but that word, and I will be with you. In any case, I feel that you will deal tenderly as well as truthfully with me.

Yours, devotedly,
FRANK."

"In that same hour," he continued, "I decided to tell Mary Percival of what I had done. There is a pretty accurate copy of my letter to her. It ran thus:—"

"I know, dear Mary, that I do not look in vain for sympathy from you. I need it greatly to-day. You will believe this when I tell you what I have done. I have written to ask some one to give me her heart. Can you guess who it is? I am not hopeful, but I am not despairing. I cannot say more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sisterly regard.

Yours, affectionately,
FRANK."

When I had read this without remark, Blundell went on with his narrative.

"I had finished these letters and folded them, when there was a rap at my door, followed immediately by the entrance of my opposite neighbor. 'Well, I never!' was his exclamation, 'are you out of coal?' I looked round upon the black grate for answer, having first put up the letters into envelopes and fastened them. 'I came to see if you were inclined for a skate,' my visitor said. 'I tried the ice on the Park yesterday; it was pretty good. They say it is capital to-day, but come and have some lunch with me before we go. You are miserable here.' I accepted the invitation, and, wishing to get rid of him, said, 'You go and order it.' When he was gone, I directed the envelopes containing my letters,

and followed him, taking them with me to post on my way to the Park. There were a great many skaters, and the ice was, for the most part, strong. But here and there, as is always the case, except after a protracted frost, were weak places. On to one of these I skated at a rapid pace, and went down without a warning crack into the bitterly cold water. The ice was above me when I rose, but I could hear voices near me before I sank again. I came up once more, but it was to feel a heavy blow, to be in an explosion of fireworks, and then to lose all consciousness. The clumsily-given aid was near being as fatal to me as the ice prison would have been. How I was carried home to my father's house and suffered for many days from the combined effect of the plunge and the blow, I could tell you only as it was told me. I was long unconscious, and for some time after the dangerous symptoms had abated I could take no notice of what was passing around me. I was gradually recovering, however, both physically and mentally; and one morning I became aware, upon awakening from a doze, that I was not alone. Some one had come in while I slept, and was sitting by my side. A soft hand was laid on mine, and as I looked round, a gentle, well-known voice spoke. It was Mary Percival's. 'I am so thankful, dear,' it said, 'so very thankful.' I was still weak, and cried. She stooped and kissed my forehead. 'Bless you!' she whispered, and, with an arch smile, continued, 'It was a funny letter for you to write to me. Besides, I thought—' she paused, looking at me. Then she said, 'I must talk to you about it another day, and scold you; but thank you for it now a thousand, thousand times! I came to give you my answer, and found you here. Oh, Frank! how could you be afraid of me? How could you doubt my love? But that is all past now, and I will not tire you even with my happiness. Good bye, dearest.' And she went out very quickly, the tears blinding her.

"It is a shame to speak of this; but you are my friend, and it is necessary if you are to understand my feelings. You can imagine them. What had come to me or her? I scarcely heeded; I made no response to her words; but this she doubtless attributed to my weakened state; and when she left me I lay looking wonderingly at the door. At last a thought struck me. I rang my bell. It was answered by my mother. I asked her if there were any letters for me. She feared I was not equal to exertion, but went to fetch them. As soon as I was alone again I searched for one. I cared for only one. I found it. You shall see it in the original."

He handed me the letter. It was written in firm, clearly-cut characters, more Greek than Italian, and was as follows:

"MY DEAR FRANK:—It was so kind of you to depend upon my sympathy. Be assured you have it. I do hope you will be accepted; but of course you will, and be immensely happy. You can't think how glad I was to hear about it. Do you know, I fancied, like a vain thing, that you were just the least bit in the world what Fred. would call 'spooney' upon somebody here. I should have been so angry—don't be angry—for Charles and I have been engaged for the last two years. We have said nothing about it, except, of course, to papa and mamma; and the same post that brought your letter brought one for him, offering him a long-expected living. Now, we hope to be married this year. Dear old Charley! he is so good. I shall, we all shall, be anxious to know more from you. What weather! Fred is skating. He says of us, of Charles and me and you, 'Poor things! poor things!' We don't think so, do we? I hope some day to see and love your wife. I

can guess who it is. I know you like the name of Mary. With good wishes from all of us for the new year, believe me, your sincere friend,
MARY HORNER."

Blundell was standing by me, looking over my shoulder, as I read.

"I took in the truth at once," he said, "Don't you?"

"Why," I gasped, "you had reversed the directions. I saw that at a glance, when you gave me this."

"Exactly! To say that I was not confounded—shocked at first—would be untrue. How could it be otherwise? But in the calm reflection of succeeding days (for I was left in quietness to gather strength) a feeling of satisfaction grew upon me, grateful satisfaction that I had escaped rejection—humiliation on the one hand, and the sorrow of inflicting useless pain on the other; that I had lost no friend, but had found a noble heart's great love. How I came to give my heart to Mary Percival I have no intention of describing. But I had done so before I told her everything—long before she became my wife. Then the letter she received but faintly expressed my love for her. We have been married four years, and each year has found us more loving, more happy. Now, old friend, you shall tell me what you think."

I only quoted Hamlet's words:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Punchinello, an enemy of the female race thus sings:

Three women went waddling out into the surf,
Out into the surf at Newport town;
Each wore a bath suit of the very best,
Costing as much as a wedding-gown.
For men must work, and women must lave,
And what men earn their wives don't save,
Though husbands they be moaning.

Three brokers sat up at three high desks,
And balanced their books as the sun went down;
Each "poring" o'er ledgers that wouldn't come straight,
Each wrapped in a study disgustingly brown.
For men must sweat, and women keep cool,
And women will ever be fashion's fool,
Though husbands they be moaning.

Three names are struck from the Gold Board's books
Three brokers' signboards are taken down;
Three men are busy "seeing their friends,"
Borrowing money to get out of town.
For men must break if women must waste,
And it costs a deal to be "people of taste,"
So good-by to the fools and their moaning.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.—Miss Ann S. Cook has been appointed postmistress at Glade Springs, Washington county, Va., vice Miss Lavinia M. Ryburn, "disqualified by marriage." We commend this case to the strong-minded women, who will no doubt overhaul Postmaster-General Creswell for thus ignoring woman's right. Things have come to a pretty pass when a woman cannot hold office and marry too.—*National Republican*.

We presume the Postmaster-General thinks that one *male* is as much as woman can well manage, especially if her marriage should happen to be an *ill-assorted* one.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love." Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

Madame Henriette Hirschfeldt, who studied in Philadelphia, has received permission from the Prussian Government to establish herself as a dentist in Berlin.

MEETING OF THE CITY WOMAN SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

A spirited meeting of the City Woman Suffrage Society was held at 31 Union Square on Friday last. The fact of its being the last of the season, and one at which Miss Anthony would be present, gave it unusual interest.

Mr. Somerby, M. D., opened the meeting.—Prof. Nilesy presented a most courteous and cordial invitation to the society to attend the next meeting of the Liberal Club.

Mr. Somerby thought ladies had been excluded from their meetings. Prof. N. said the exclusion was not authorized by the Club. This question being disposed of, Mrs. Somerby proposed that the society confine itself to the one subject of Woman Suffrage, herself setting the example by a synopsis of her own views on that question.

She was followed by Prof. N., who said that it had been affirmed that suffrage for women meant ruin to domestic happiness and a levelling of the sacred barriers of home. On the contrary, he thought it would be an invincible safeguard. It was an extraordinary idea that man was the only safe guardian of these sanctities.

Who hallows home by her unselfishness, her affections, her purity? Who would be most likely to build the entrenchments so high and so strong that no sacrilegious eye could penetrate? Under the present order, what is the basis of home? How are most marriages consummated? Marriages by the majority of women, are entered upon under pressure and under protest. A girl must be an appendage, or nothing. In order to obtain a poor distinction, she sacrifices her higher nature, and becomes the victim of matrimonial speculation. God help her! Suffrage will give her a career, and emancipate her from this vile expedient. As a law maker, she will be our conscience, and help us to build anew, and in fairer and nobler proportions, our Temple of Liberty. This legislating is not making it impossible to escape from a bad home, but in making a bad home impossible, by repudiating forever all legal desecrations of the marriage vow, and making love the possible and eternal seal of the marriage covenant.

So long as marriage means an establishment, can this be?

Dr. Marvin said suffrage is necessary to make woman an individual. The important point is to educate minds up to suffrage, that this education must come from discussion. He thought the movement on the retrograde, because some of the leaders had turned their backs on the veterans of the cause and joined hands with the conservatives. At this point, Miss Anthony appeared, and so enthusiastic was her reception, that it settled the question at once that she, though a veteran, was not one of the betrayed. In a few characteristic words, she thanked the good friends, and assured them of her hearty sympathy and co-operation. She was too weary with journeying to make a speech. The meeting then adjourned, to meet the first Friday in September.

The Queen of Denmark dresses on \$100 a year. What a desirable wife she would make for an American mechanic, if the tariff would let her dress as cheaply here.

Why do we infer that Petrucio had excellent teeth?—Because he could masticate (master Kate) so well.

TWO MORE LECTURERS IN THE FIELD.

Mrs. Emily Shaw Forman announces that she is prepared to make engagements with lyceums and other literary associations to lecture or give dramatic readings for the coming season.

Mrs. Harriet E. Chamberlain, of Ripon, Wis., whose elocution and ability are much praised by the Western journals, will lecture hereafter on Woman's Rights in all places where her services may be required. Mrs. C. writes us that they last May formed a Suffrage Association in Ripon, under the auspices of Lillie Peckham, and that the interest there is very steadily increasing.

We regret to learn the death of Mrs. Owens, the sister of Miss Phoebe Cousins, which occurred under very painful circumstances. A slight wound in the knee resulted in lockjaw, and the sudden death of this lady. Overwhelmed by this blow, Miss Phoebe Cousins writes that her public career is ended. But we hope that when she has recovered from the first shock of this sad occurrence, she may feel that it is her duty to go forward in a cause upon which she has so nobly and successfully entered.

We take the following from an article in the Wyoming Tribune entitled "Lady Voters." The editor speaks bravely for equal rights:

Although Wyoming's first Legislature made certain mistakes, as similar bodies in any community are prone to do, it placed itself in the vanguard of progress with respect to equal suffrage. A political campaign is impending, and we say, let the experiment thus provided for be fairly and impartially tried.

Mrs. Morris' judicious administration at South Pass City has been attended with the most flattering success. Judge Howe's jurors, empanelled "without distinction of sex, performed their duties in the most satisfactory manner, and the women of Cheyenne are already becoming deeply interested in the approaching canvass.

Should the experiment succeed, of which fact we have not the slightest doubt, Wyoming will be entitled to imperishable laurels. States and republics everywhere are awaiting our verdict, and to us, as a people, belongs the proud privilege, without distinction of race, color, or sex, of exercising the ballot.

"Which execute the freemen's (woman's) will,
As lightning do the will of God."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—How touching is this tribute of Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in the games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have attained through life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years old she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

They talk about the Bible argument against equal human rights! We have already shown in these columns, that if the Bible teaches us anything on the subject, it is that male and female are "morally, socially and politically equal," and that "in God's holy book no distinction in favor of one sex and against another is made in regard to human rights.—Nankon (Iowa) Standard.

Special Notices.

SECOND EDITION.—CHANGE UPON CHANGE.—By EMILY FAITHFULL.—The great merit of this work is its naturalness, but it is throughout bright as well as unaffected. The author has humor, and she certainly does not restrain it very much. * * * Miss Faithfull must be praised for her reading, her vivacity, and the freedom of hand with which she sketches what she sees.—Contemporary Review.

Rarely in these days do we meet in fictional literature with so much to make us pause awhile thoughtfully on the great problems of life, and sadly weigh the wheat against the chaff. * * * Social life of the higher class is hit off, without exaggeration, in a manner forcibly reminding us of Thackeray's shrewd and exquisitely perfect sketches. Miss Faithfull is really alive to the errors, absurdities of society. * * * The latter part of the story is highly exciting, abounds in clever pictures of society, with some genuine humor.—Civil Service Gazette.

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